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# The Spiteful Letter



88 2 9

## Chapter 1 by Merlin Ambrosius

She sat on her snug armchair, taking a sip of hot tea by the hypnotising crackle of fire. The hearth provided her not only with much needed warmth during those early hours of English winter, but also seemed to spark something within her. The fires of faith rekindled within her, comforting her, restoring her confidence. She produced the opened envelope from her jumper's pocket and stared at it. She traced the edges of the envelope, feeling for the troubling letter for a moment before pulling it out. She opened it once more and began reading it, anticipating terror to fill her heart again.

## Chapter 2 by adware



It read: "DEAREST Mel, I hope the letter finds you swell. I will be dead as you read these words. I feel the frozen roads of this city pushing tiny icicles into the bullseye of every nucleus of every atom inside of me. What a sense of humor Aunt Sybil had, don't you think? Leaving me without. My corpse is in the mail, I sincerely hope your address has not changed since we last talked. Love, your only brother until recently,"

Mel allowed the letter to fall from her hand. She turned her head slowly to regard the largish box in the corner.

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The was dead fully content.

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She didn't have a brother, but she did have a mother. She had received a letter from a family member she did not remember her name and the date of the letter.

*Was there really a body in there?*

She reread the letter over and over and looked at the address. It did indeed say her name, address, and she did indeed have an aunt Sybil. She looked at the box that sat in the middle of her living room. She sighed a heavy sigh. She would have liked to talk to her aunt Sybil about this, but she had unfortunately met the grim reaper long ago.

The suspense was killing her, she decided to open the box.

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